

La CLOCHE De L'AME:

O R,

CONSCIENCE the loudest Knell.

A S A T Y R.

OCCASIONED BY

Several late COMPLAINTS from Places
of PUBLIC RESORT,

O F

The too long and frequent TOLLING of the
BELLS at DEATHS and FUNERALS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

VIGILIANA NOVISSIMA:

O R,

The REFORMED WATCHMAN.

THE SECOND EDITION,

With several considerable ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

"Who fear where no Fear is"—and
"Who flee when no Man pursueth."

BIBLE.

"Who start at FEATHERS from an Insect fly:
"A Match for NOTHING but the—DEITY!"

Dr. YOUNG's Sat. 6. P. 146.

L O N D O N:

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The P R E F A C E.

AS the Title-Page of this little Performance will sufficiently acquaint the Reader with the *Occasion*, so few Words will explain it's *Intention*, which indeed is little more than only to bespeak his serious Consideration on the innumerable but MELANCHOLY Consequences that must necessarily attend the following "*a Multitude to do Evil.*"

That *this* (besides their setting the PATTERN) is but the too distinguishing Character of the GREAT, is as conspicuous as the MISERY they complain of; and for which there is no other Remedy than by a Mortification of the Pride that despises it, to submit to the Advice of it's PHYSICIAN; 'tis Pity but such only were the SUFFERERS, as that possibly might work their AMENDMENT.

If the Reader then is one of these *Delinquents*, he may easily account for his own Unhappiness, and by a *Reformation* that will render him HONOURABLE, as easily escape the *Destruction*: besides enjoying through Life, that uncommon but invaluable Privilege of enforcing his *Advice* by his EXAMPLE.

One Thing indeed is to be fear'd—there will not be found many to *copy* it—GOOD EXAMPLES, if one may judge from *Appearances*, are by most People thought just *good for nothing*; however he will have this for his Comfort, that besides the Testimony of his own Conscience (an Approbation that is a *present* Reward) he will at a more IMPORTANT Tribunal, be not only *heard* but APPLAUDED!

I have now only just to observe, that tho' the *Style* of these Verses may be thought full severe for the *Provocation*, yet as their *Design* is BENEVOLENT, it is Pity that *Criticism* should defeat it; and as not to see the Misconduct of Mankind must be either Affectation or Stupidity: so to see and *not* enter our Protest must imply a Species of Indifference that borders on *Guilt* or BARBARIETY—"Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy Brother," &c. being no less an Injunction of Humanity, than it is a Document of THAT Revelation whose Genius is UNBOUNDED Benevolence.

May the Reader then relish the REMONSTRANCE, and pursuing it, give the ALARM—as it not only concerns the TEMPORARY Welfare of a Kingdom—but relates to the Happiness of a FUTURITY that never can end but with the GOD of it!

London, Jan. 1, 1774.



La CLOCHE de l'ÂME.

PART I.

AT Morn we breathe, ere Night condemn'd we die,
Lavish the Day, nor dream it's Exit nigh;
Just as on this no more Importance hung,
Than fairied Tales of Infant-Fairies fung.
Borne on the Wing our Eyes indignant *spurn*
The Shroud—the Grave—the Coffin, or it's *Urn*.
The solemn DIRGE that strikes the conscious Ear,
Is heard unfelt, or listn'd with a *Sneer*.

Some *Spirit's* gone—but whither it is fled,
10 *How* left the World, or what announce the Dead,
Who here can know—or knowing would declare,
To damp the *joyous*, or deject the *Fair*?
“How cruel this! Avaunt yon *pealing* Foe!
“We've heard your *Song*, nor farther want to know,
“As all beyond is Fiction in Disguise:
“Religion, *Priestcraft*, and it's Verdict—*Lies*.
“Cease then your Din, nor sullen grate our Ears,
“With Sounds of *Sadness*—like the *Vale of Tears*.
“The Thought's enough—pray, give this Tinkling o'er
20 “Hang up the *Cord*”, nor MALAGRIDE us more.”

'Tis done—they pass—the Corpse to *them* unknown:
The Mourners walk—and let 'em still walk on:
These care not *who*—as neither yet their *own*. }

* The Bell-Rope.

And yet how strange! this little *tinkling* Sound:
 This harmless *Knell* does every Bliss confound:
 Nor more by Reas'ning than Amusement drown'd.
 Vain every Effort from the Craft of *Fear*,
 To choak it's Eccho, or divert it's Ear.
 A magic Ghost—no magic Arts can charm:
 30 No *Spell* disable, and no Bribe disarm.
 It all defies, and equal laughs to scorn
 The tinkling *Cymbal*, or the clamorous *Horn*.

But hark! 'tis *mute*—yet do it's *Vibrings* cease?
 Don't *these* remain, and TOMOHAUK your Peace?
 “ 'Tis Hyp—'tis Cold—'tis Vapours—it is”—What?
 Why—all you fear, and wish that it were *not*.
 The secret Sting of secret Dread betray'd:
 It *sounds* a Warning—if 'tis never *made*:
 As He ^b that gives it—gives it as his *Trade*.

40 What then the Cause? to trace is worth our while:
 That *that* which sooths, and oft makes *Sorrow* smile:
 Should thus disgust—nay, e'en with Pain torment
 The Proud—the *Good*—the Gay—the *Innocent*.
 There must be something—let who will abuse:
 That so *minute* can such Effects produce!

Ye Men of *Reason* who would deem it hard,
 To have it thought, ye were by *Nothing* scar'd:
 Yet *scar'd* ye were—tho' some STENTOREAN storm'd:
 Address'd the Public and *their* Ears inform'd.
 50 Why hid the Cause? from *Policy* conceal'd:
 And now for once as candidly unveil'd.

Thus *Infant*-Sages, whom their Nurfes wean,
 Shut both their Eyes and think their *Face* unseen.

^b The Sexton.

But seen ye *both*: And what is more—seen *thro'*:
Thin as disguis'd, and as *transparent*—true.

'Tis your own *Heart*—that Magazine replete,
With all that's vain, and all that's *meanly* great:
'Tis your own *Life*—that dissipated Scene
Of wild Uproar—Absurdity and Sin,
60 That flames *without* from Phrenzy's Flame within.
That restive *Spark* of self voluptuous Rage,
That glares a *Pantheon*, or that struts a *Stage*.

But PLEASURE's all! and Want of *Taste* the Crime:
And—" Who would censure what relieves from *Time*:
" That Weight ENORM! that dread, oppressive Load,
" That sinks Creation, and would sink a—*God*!
" Tremendous CRUSH! that better than sustain:
" Mankind were *Monsters*, and their Sphere the *Main*!

Thus reason you! whom Reason seems t' have left,
70 Of all but *Face* and human Form bereft.
How just Return! such Treachery to leave,
To Schemes that plague and Systems that deceive.
Else ye *must* know the END for which was giv'n.
What *meet* improv'd—improves a Hell to Heaven.
Or sad Reverse! as your own *Feelings* tell,
Inverts the Scene, and turns that Heav'n to *Hell*!

So every Gift as every Grace bestow'd:
The Boon of Nature, or the Gift of God:
Each in their Place fulfil their dread Intent:
80 Impress our Peace or stamp its Punishment.

But *can* it be that after all we've heard,
Such Men as you can by a *Sound* be *fear'd*.
What HEROES panick'd? and their CHOLER mov'd
At what when *Children* their great grand Sires *lov'd*!
Fir'd at the Sound would let their *Rattles* drop:
And haste ambitious to help pull the *Rope*.
Sweat at the Toil—made Pleasure by the Pain:
Then breathless tugg the fallying Cord again.

That

That such as you should at a Sound *chagrin*,
 90 Were something sure beyond *Conception* seen.
 Something between a *Wonder* and a *Spell*:
 And but for *Shame*—might rank a *MIRACLE*!

Who then can this as *credible* receive:
 May well be spar'd whatever he believe.
 ANOTHER World! or that this *Winch* of yours,
 The same your *Beast* from galling Girt endures!

Ye Men of *Wit*! who breathe a *filter'd* Air,
 With *Hobbes*—with *Hume*—with *Shaftesbury* and *Voltaire*:
 Can none of these an Antidote supply:
 100 Or “*save the Sons of VALOUR from to die?*”
 Can none of these afford one single Prop,
 To stay your *Firmness* or support it's *Hope*?
 Can none of these *one* Argument produce
 To stamp *PROBATUM* on it's sacred Use?
 They cannot *one*—not e'en their *OATH* avails:
 Where all must sink if what they banter^a—*fails*!

Yet this is *Life*!—and by your *Practice* giv'n,
 To serve *CORRUPTION* and then *merit* Heav'n!
 What Wonder then—(but can ye bear the Words?)
 110 That Knells are *Thunders* and their *Tinklings*—*Swords*?
 Vain every Art—nay, e'en your Art to hide,
 What galls your *Wishes* as it galls your *Pride*:
 'Till Death dispatch—or *SUICIDE* decide. }

Luxurious Arts! the Bane of *moral* Sense:
 Ambition's Swell or Burst of Opulence.
 That shuns no Labour and that spares no Price:
 T' improve a Fashion or import a *Vice*.

^a DIVINE REVELATION—equally the SCORN and TERROR of these ILLUSTRIOUS Champions in the Science of Scepticism and Blasphemy—the first has been dead near these hundred years—the third (the Author of the Characteristics) these seventy—the other two are still alive, and seem suffered to exist as PROOFS of the PROVIDENCE they LAUGH at.

Your Plea as base—" *It serves the public Good.*"
 Does what INFLAMES then *mitigate* the Blood!
 120 " *It scatters Riches and inspires Trade:*"
 " *The Bare have Covering and the Hungry Bread:*"
 This all *sounds* well—but *sounds* it not a *Curse*,
 If spoil'd the Virtuous and the Bad made worse?

INFERNAL Plea! while such EXAMPLES stand:
 To spread (like *Pests*) Infection thro' the Land.
 Cease then from *these*—or never more pretend
 Yourself, or *Cæsar's*, or the PUBLIC's Friend.

THEIRS! *these* alone whom Virtue's Magnet draws,
 To aid her Wishes or to grace her Cause.
 130 All else is TRASH—no Matter *where* they meet:
 The Court—the Camp—the Temple—or the Street:
 What Rank saluted or what Name you greet. }

P A R T II.

THUS far digress'd—we here afresh return:
 And fresh renew'd, afresh reflective mourn,
 Another Reason for those Horrors give,
 That last for Life, and then FOR EVER live!

Here then it lies—not one of you but *feel*,
 And but for Shame—or Shame's Award could tell,
 What drawn a Portrait would *pourtrait* a HELL! }

That then is rung that *swings* the very Heart:
 Guilt's biting Anguish at Reflection's Dart,
 10 A secret *Jar* that shocks your inmost Soul:
 Drawn with the Cord, and answering to it's Toll.
 Internal Knell! that peals a sad Rehearse:
 While nameless Fears with nameless Sorrows pierce.
 Struck home a Truth that strikes the *sensual* Breast:
 Unmans it's Courage and *unmasks* it's Rest.
 Proves what is heard is but a *Signal* blown
 To make us hear—till heard it as *our own*!

But

But come—a Moment—and we'll ease your Task:
Hear then the Muse in milder Accents ask.

20 Say then no *Knell*—no doleful *Peal* should ring:
Nor stalking Ghost the Midnight-Messsage bring:
Will that prevent or this extract the *Sting*?
Ye know it can't—your Conduct *lives* the Proof:
Your every Art to hide or drive aloof
That Foe of *Thought*, that like a Poniard steel'd,
Recoils a Force—redoubl'd as repell'd.

In vain your Strife—in vain your Cob-web Schemes:
Your Noon-Day *Visions* and your Moon-light Dreams,
To stem the *Torrent* or divert it's Streams.
30 It's Tide revolts and as a Deluge flows;
O'erwhelms each *Babel* and each Mound o'erthrows.
Plucks from it's Hold the *Anchor* of your Joys:
Disparts its *Cable* and its Strength destroys.

Say still nought heard but the sweet *Siren* Tongue:
The ^a *Æolian* Viol or the Charmer's Song:
^b *Corelli's* Thunders—more than half-divine:
That shook the Spheres and raptur'd all the *Nine*^c:
Could these or lull your Wretchedness to sleep:
Or bid your Fears a *trembling* Silence keep?
40 Not one avail—while heard distinct *within*,
Guilt's louder Murmur at the *Face* of Sin!

Say—could the Clappers of ten thousand *Bells*:
Or all the Clang of twice ten thousand *Knells*,
More horrid peal—or Sounds more horrid break,
Than *these* would utter could their Language speak?

^a *Æolus'* Harp an Instrument of Music, whose Sounds are produced by the passing of Wind over it's Strings.

^b A famous Composer in the Beginning of the last Century, whose Works and Memory will live as long as TRUE Taste and Harmony exist.

^c The MUSES so called from their NUMBER.

Would it not seem, if *these* might once be heard,]
 As Hell *unbosom'd* and her Gates unbarr'd?
 Where tortur'd Fiends in torturing Anguish moan:
 And howl in Chains their unremitted Groan?
 50 Would not the *Charmer* and the Syren Tongue,
 Sound more like BELLOWING than the Voice of Song?
 Cecilian Notes of soft melodious *Lyre*,
 As Shrieks of Victims on the Racks of Fire?
 Each Note a Burst of Thunder at the Ear:
 That peal'd PERDITION as it peal'd Despair!^a

What mean ye then thus sullen to repine:
 Or meaner still like whimp'ring Infants *whine*?
 Has then your *Stupor* never heard before
 These *latent* Thunders from their Caverns roar?
 60 Like bounding Surges on the Atlantic Shore.
 Ne'er have ye heard *Compunction's* plaintive Din:
 Or felt it's Clamours at the Sight *within*?
 Nor that small Voice *instinctive* in your Breast:
 So oft returning and as oft repress:
 That Voice of WISDOM calling to her Son:
 "Give me *thy* Heart—and mine with thine is ONE!"

^a As it may very probably be here objected, that the forming such TREMENDOUS Reflections and Inferences on so trifling an Occasion, is carrying Matters rather too far---I would just beg Leave to ask a serious Question on this Matter, and then submit it to the cool and dispassionate Reason of the Parties themselves, or their Defenders for the Answer.

In the first Place then, WHO do you really think are the greatest Enthusiasts or Fanatics---THOSE who amidst their most sanguine Enjoyments and Diversions are terrified like so many frightened Sheep---or exasperated like so many Furies, at the Sound of the TOLLING of a BELL---or the Men, who besides bearing this and much more, could hear the Report of the LAST TRUMPET, not only without Fear, but with TRIUMPH? And

2. WHO act the most rational and manly---yourself who RAVE at so insignificant a Circumstance (like Beings TORMENTED before the Time) or those who judging of your Situation from the general Tenor of it's Conduct, only take this seasonable Opportunity of reasoning with you on your own Principles---if you have any---and of converting those Emotions to your ADVANTAGE?

If ne'er ye did—'tis Time that *something* shou'd
 Unlock your Horrors and *unfreeze* your Blood.
 Your Sleep arouse—your Slumbers disconcert :
 70 To probe your Danger as it probes your Heart.
 Cut to the Quick and bar'd your ev'ry Thought :
 Left ripe for Vengeance into Judgment brought,
 Ye grasp the Bar as Vessels of it's Doom :
 For deeper Death and deeper Wrath to come !

Hail ! kind ALARM ! whose *Terrors* bid you seek,
 Peace with the *Pure*, and Mercy with the *Meek* !
 Search for Delights ye never yet have found
 'Midst Folly's Madness or the madd'ning Round
 Of *frantic* Joys that vanish e'er you seize :
 80 Fly your Embrace and *plague* you as they *please* :
 Whose phantom'd Forms elude th' expectant Eye :
 Implunge their STING and as *avenging* Dye.
 Leave you to reap the Harvest of your Shame :
 While Disappointment but renews the *Flame* !

Thus fed with Husks, immortal Spirits faint :
 Curse the Supply and then accurse it's *Want*.
 Wonder the Cause that after all their Pain ;
 The Prize still distant and it's Hope still vain.

Like peevish Children that seek something *new* :
 90 And this indulg'd some other Toy pursue.
 Eager to catch the present as the past :
 They *gape* their Wishes and then gasp their *Last* !
 By sudden Death or lingering Pain remov'd,
 From all they hated as from all they lov'd :
 They *die* to know—what should *before* been known,
 " That Loss of GOD—is Loss of ALL in ONE ! "

Thus long delay'd—too long alas ! deferr'd,
 Ye call unanswer'd and implore unheard.
 Then shall ye wish—but ah ! shall wish in vain,
 100 That Life restor'd, ye might re-hear again,
 With *willing* Ear, the Sounds ye would *erase*,
 And in that Sound the *Clarionets* of Grace.

Now

Now heard no more! your *Doom*—your own *DESIRE*.

“ Grant us but this—’tis all our Wants require.

“ *Let us alone*—“ nor more our Quiet peal,

“ With Sounds as *odious* as the Sound of *Hell*.

“ Hence then for *Love*—let every *Troubler* cease:

“ And tho’ we *perish*—let it be in *Peace* !”

’Tis done—ye shall—only remember this;

110 ’Twas you that ask’d—’twas you that wish’d *amiss*.

So where *they* go, whose Sins are gone before:

Shall ye go down to re-ascend no more!

Is this your Fate?—and can ye then resent

The Love that warns—the Hand that would prevent

Your *final* Loss?—Is Insult a Return,

For Sighs that weep, and nameless Pangs that burn?

But such your Pride! that Gulph of Wretchedness!

That stains your Life and poisons all its Peace.

That Serpent dire—that restless Worm *within*:

120 That gnaws your Vitals as it *feeds* your Sin!

Still fond to live—yet curs’d the Parent-womb:

Afraid to die—yet invoke the Tomb!

Delirium-MAD! of more than *Lunar*-fille:

Can Grief refrain? or *Sense* forbear to smile,

To hear your *Moans* and yet your *Nonsense* see?

The *true* SUBLIME of Self-*Absurdity*!

What need we more?—must not all Arguing fail,

Where neither *Hope* nor *Menace* can prevail?

Where all is senseless—or all Sense OBDUR’D:

130 E’en Conscience BEGGAR’D and its Light obscur’d!

P A R T III.

MUST then all Suit—all fair Remonstrance cease
 The Means of Mercy as the *Bane* of Peace!
Must ye have Rest till that sad Hour arrive,
 When keener *Pains* and keener *Pangs* revive?
 The dreaded Moment of unwelcome Death,
 That stops all Reas'ning as it stops your Breath.
 When all is Doubt or Darknes to the *Blind*:
 The *proud* of Heart or profligate of Mind.
 The greedy Sons of MAMMON's golden-Cheat,
 10 The immers'd in Pleasure or profane of *Wit*.

The hard OPPRESSOR of the helpless Poor:
 That robs their *Pittance* to compleat his Store.
 Would starve a Kingdom to *engross* it's Pelf:
 And *earth* inscrib'd—"MONOPOLY to SELF!"

The gambling SHARPER uninur'd to *Toil*:
 SPENDTHRIFTS that *glut* and Thieves that *glean* the Spoil.
 With brainless Heirs who waste beyond Controul:
 What Chance to *scrape* has cost a Father's SOUL.
 The Men of *Goût* whose Ardors *scorn* a Price:
 20 And *fish* for Virtue as the ZEST of Vice.

The *servile* Herd of Britain's pension'd SEERS:
 Who court your *Canvass* and then clinch your *Geers*^a.
 For seven long Years fast hitch the *penal* Chain:
 Then *swear* you're FREE—to be forsworn again.

^a An old English Word for the Traces or Trammels in which Horses, &c. are put to draw: and is here used in a figurative Sense, to express that State of voluntary but miserable Bondage, into which every Man, that either bribes, or is brib'd by another, puts both himself, his Country, and Posterity, so far a Conduct of this Kind can contribute towards it: and against which every Man that has the least Regard for any of the abovementioned has a Right to enter his Protest.

The *wily* Bankrupt with *Exchange* of Face:
 That yields his SCRIP and asks a further *Grace*:
 Vows on his TROTH—a Word *unspelt* before.
 Like *Kettles* mended—to run out no more.
 The cruel PARENT or the graceless SON:
 30 By each reproach'd—if not by each *undone*.

The spurious FRIEND whose *Lips* *Deception* smile:
 AGENTS that *filch*—or GUARDIANS that beguile:
 The *Law*-Incendiary that *ferments* a Strife:
 The faithless HUSBAND or unfaithful WIFE.
 The implacant Breasts that burn *vindictive* Fires:
 Or *piquant* BLADES whom Honour's *Hilt* inspires.

The SLAVES of Vice in *emblematic* Coat:
 The *Wolf*—the *Fox*—the *Lion*—or the *Goat*.
 The griping LANDLORD or litigious PRIEST,
 40 That quotes for *Sanction* what were else a *Jest*.
 The crafty STATESMAN that *enjoys* your Fate:
 Each cringing COURTIER and each TOOL of State.
 The treacherous SERVANTS of each public Trust:
 The *venal* Council or the JUDGE unjust.

The rotten PATRIOTS of *divisive* Aim:
 Who yet your Honour and your Credence claim:
 Their own *Detectors* and their Party's Shame. }
 The furious Tribes of *Rome's* be-phrensied Brood:
 Who curse your *Creed* and then *attaint* your Blood.
 50 ALL those and more than Records can recount:
 A dreadful Group! to Numbers dread Amount:
 ALL shudder more the *Tinkling* of a KNELL:
 Than Children *Goblins* or than Atheists—HELL.
 And well they may—since that which CONSCIENCE *chinks*:
 Each *Knell* re-echoes, and each Eccho CLINKS ^a.

^a The Author here thinks it is necessary (in order to preclude the Imputation of private or personal Invektive) as he can do it safely, so SOLEMNLY to declare, that in all this long Catalogue of Delinquents he has not had one single Individual in his Eye---so that though it is called "a SATYR," and is one---the Attack is upon MANNERS not

Must then this be—and no one Word be said
 To wake your *Dotage* or disturb your Head:
 To escape the Perils that surround it's Bed.
 Must all this be—and you at Ease remain:
 60 While TOPHET wreathes her everlasting Chain:
 It must not—SHALL not—therefore now prepare
 Another Song and other Sounds to hear.

Hear then *unheard* and hark unfelt before,
 Another PEAL and other Thunders ROAR.
 THUNDERS! whose Voice shall rive old CHAOS' Bed:
 Call up the Living and convoke the Dead.
 Drive to the Bar the *Felons* of their Tomb,
 With these to hear—with these divide their Doom!

“ Go ye from ME—from ME ye *accursed* go:
 70 To *endless* Griefs and everlasting Woe!

“ Go ye from hence—where Hope shall never come:
 “ To *endless* Shades of everlasting Gloom!

“ Go ye from hence—ye Victims of mine Ire:
 “ To *endless* Chains and everlasting Fire?”

Hear then ye FOOLS! who *redden* at a Spell:
 And serious ask'd—your Thoughts as serious tell.

Say if you can—where now will you appeal?
 Or *whom* accuse the CAUSE of what you feel?
 These new-born Terrors at that TRUMPET's Sound,
 80 That rends the Rocks and jarrs the cleaving Ground?

Men---so far from it, that as he most seriously congratulates those who are so happy as to have escaped the general Contagion, so has he no less Veneration and Esteem for such as having seen the Error of their Ways, do now give that most sure, if not only certain Testimony of it---by a Reverse of Conduct no less RESPECTABLE than CONSPICUOUS---DOLENTI JUSTITIA DEBITOR.

SAY—if Confusion's *Paroxysm* permit:

Why all these Horrors at the Judgment Seat?
From *whence* that you—while Worlds exulting stand
Thus shrink with MILLIONS on the *other* Hand?
Whence dread the Ruin that impending lowers:
The Bolts of Thunder or the Hail of Showers?

Why flee your Feet (or *would*) the alarming Voice
That hails *your* Ghosts, while other Ghosts rejoice.
Why struck ye rave as frantic with Amaze:
90 At Nature's Death or Dissolution's Blaze?
Why points the LAW it's Javelins at *your* Head:
And holds you *living* but to strike you *Dead*?
It stands *confest*—tho' once your *wanton* Pride
Avow'd in Act what yet it's *Words* denied:
Your Bosom Sin—the Sin your Bosom lov'd:
Who died unchang'd for living unprov'd.

But not to upbraid the *future* or the *past*:
We plead the *present* to prevent the LAST.
Plead with *yourselves* a Moment to *review*:
100 E'er HOPE takes Wing and *fleets* her last Adieu.
Bids you—"FAREWELL" as bid by you the same:
No more to bear your Burden or it's Blame!

Now then the Hour—and now the accepted Time
That blots each Act or ratifies it's Crime.
On every State imprints the eternal Seal:
"Be HOLY this—and that UNHOLY still."
No more revers'd th' unalter'd STAMP remains:
Eternal WHITENESS or eternal STAINS!

Thus plead the Men your Wit has oft *revis'd*:
110 With Scorn rejected—as with Hate despis'd.
Sport of your Mirth—but Terror of your Name:
Who bare your Burden as they bore it's Shame.
Whose Zeal ye flouted—as Enthusiasts deem'd:
Their Message slighted: and their GOD blasphem'd.

Thus

Thus plead the Men of *sympathetic* Grace :
 Whose *Doubts* were WONDER and that Wonder—PRAISE !
 Who, tho' in Darknefs, yet efchew'd the *Night* :
 Their *Dawn*—Salvation, and their *Evening*—Light.
 To whom of GRACE the NOBLER Bent was giv'n :
 120 *Here* to purfue and *there* affume their Heav'n !

WHERE—might this Prayer—this Wifh benign afpire
 Yourfelves fhould rank the FOREMOST of it's Choir.
 High in HIS Strength—as in his FORM compleat !
 Whom Angels worSHIP and Archangels GREET.
 Sav'd by a Pow'r to all but HEAV'N unknown :
 And THOSE whom Heav'n *vouchsafes* to call IT's own.

Such the Difinction that fubfifts between
 This World of *Vifion* and the Worlds UNSEEN !
 That bright EXPANSE where Joys fpontaneous rife :
 130 Blaze from their FOUNT and LUSTRE all the Skies.
 Where ALL is REAL that can real be :
 Exiftence LIFE—and Time ETERNITY !

THE END.

VIGILIANA NOVISSIMA:

O R,

The REFORMED WATCHMAN.

MOST HUMBL Y ADDRESS'D

(As a MODEL for their INVITATION and EXAMPLE)

TO ALL

His *Graver* Brethren of the LANTHORN.

BY

Their most sincere and affectionate Friend and Servant,

PHILOTHEUS LUCERNALIS.

*“ He calleth to me out of Seir—WATCHMAN! what of
“ Night?—WATCHMAN! what of the Night?”*

WATCH. *“ The NIGHT cometh and also the MORNING: If
ye WILL enquire—ENQUIRE ye—return and come!”*

ISA. xxi. 11, 12.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXIV.

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TO THE READER.

YOU have in the following *Versicles* a Specimen for a very necessary Reformation in a Matter of some little Importance; so that it will henceforth be your own Fault if the *Cause* of your Complaint be not remedied.

That something more is your *Due* than barely the reverſionary Congratulations of your BELLMAN, who walks off as *gravely* with your Contribution as if he had *actually* contributed to your *Inſtruction*, will hardly admit of a Diſpute—Why therefore THOSE, who ſhould be his *Judges*, ſhould continue to encourage (at an annual *Expence*) an annual Rotation of *Nonſenſe*, or have their Ears *ſyring'd* in the *Night* with what they are aſhamed to read over in the *Day*, is certainly beſt answered by an AMENDMENT.

It is true, indeed, that *Cuſtom* and *Ignorance* have long precluded the Expectation of any Thing *better*—however, if the Poſſibility, as well as the Propriety of an Alteration, may be admitted (and you are willing to abide by the Difference) the Publisher of this humble Performance (to whom it is *legally* ſecured) will readily ſupply the Demand.

They are already printed in *Sheets*, to be tranſmitted to a very reſpectable place in the Country, where it is to be hop'd, that the honeſt Bard who has *adopted* them, will find it turn out to his Advantage: and he WILL, if inſtead of loitering at the Door for his *Box*, he prudently defers it till—TO-MORROW.

They are now reduced to *this* Form, for another Reaſon, viz. the Conveniency of an *Advertiſement*—unleſs, therefore, you ſtill chuſe to be put off with the *anniverſary* FARRAGO of *Grubſtreet*, you may, for once, at leaſt, be a *little* better accommodated—inſiſt therefore on an Alteration of *Diet*, or never more complain of the COOKERY.



VIGILIANA NOVISSIMA:

O R,

The REFORMED WATCHMAN.

1. The EXORDIUM; or, BELLMAN's ADDRESS.

ONCE more kind SIRS, my Muse a *Tribute* brings,
That 'chance might please the Courtesy of *Kings* :
At least 'twill YOURS, whose Candor asks no more,
Than TRUTH dare venture from her *honest* Store.

Not rich like those by ancient *Magi* brought
As at this Time ^a to *Bethlehem's* lowly *Cot* ;
Where lay in *State* amidst the *Brutes* Abode,
Heav'n's *highest* Wonder—an INCARNATE GOD !

But humble Reverence for your generous Boon,
That aids his Toil, and makes that Toil your own :
For which, his Zeal shall not forget your Care ;
But blest with Life renew the following Year.

^a The Epiphany, commonly called " Twelfth-day, January 6.

2. ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, JANUARY 1.

OLD Year farewell! thy Rival's at the Door:
 Farewell thy *Follies* and their guilty *Score*!
 Farewell our *Sins* and every Crime—Adieu:
 While meet *Conversion* ushers in the NEW.

That *Circumcision* of the new-born Soul:
 That *prunes* the Heart and *fertilates* the *Whole*.

3. ON ST. PAUL. 25.

PRAISE to the *Power* whose Love's unerring *Dart*
 Transfix'd a SAUL and rent his *Jewish* Heart!
 His Darknefs scatter'd and his Mind inform'd,
 While sweet Remorse his melting Bosom warm'd.

SUCH was the Man! whom Mercy's Eye *severe*,
 Struck to the Earth and stopt his MAD Career.
 Bid him—"Arise"—and rising from the Ground,
 "Go forth and preach the Mercy he had found!"^a

^a He was beheaded under the Roman Emperor NERO, about forty Years after his Conversion.

4. ON THE PURIFICATION, VULGARLY CALLED
 "CANDLEMAS-DAY." FEBRUARY 2.

IF Meeknefs—Virtue—Innocence and Peace,
 I Look'd thro' the *Types* for purifying Grace:
 If SHE—announc'd beyond her Fellows—"BLEST,"^a
 Could not endure the Law's *indignant* Test:

^a The Festival of this is call'd—"The ANNUNCIATION," vulgarly—LADY-DAY," March 25th—if the Reader would see the Account, he will find it in Luc. I. V. 26--38.

What then shall we! whose *Conscience* is unclean:
 Our Lives—*Transgression* as our Nature—*Sin*?
 Since not the *Type* the *Substance* can supply:
 “*Believe and live—or disbelieve and die!*”

5. ON ST. MATTHIAS, 24.

BLEST is the Man and number'd with the *Just*:
 Of GOD approv'd and faithful to his Trust.
 Mark'd by a *Lot*—decisive as divine:
 He grasps the *Grace*—but owns the Glory—*THINE!*

But woe the Men who guil'd by *Mammon's* Lore:
 The Lure of *Passion* or the Lust of *Pow'r*:
 Slaves to it's *Traff* can cast *such* Pearls away:
 Their *Charge* abandon or it's LORD *betray!*

Swift shall they rush like *Lightning* from the Sky:
 And falling headlong—perish as they lie!
Strangers shall gaze, and those they had not known
 Shall fill their *Office* and supplant their *Crown.*

Dread Warning *this!* to whom the Warning's giv'n:
 To shun *each* Rock and *trembling* make the *Hav'n!*

6. ON ST. MARK. APRIL 25.

HOW favour'd HE! whom Heav'n's *Behests* employ:
 And happier still—who finds that Work his *Joy!*
 The Toil *laborious*—but the Labour—*sweet*:
 He casts his Care or Comforts at it's Feet.
 Content to act, content to *suffer* still,
 His *Master's* Pleasure at his Master's *Will.*

To be like *him*, a *Pilgrim* of Abode:
 And then return a *Pilgrim* home to GOD!

7. ON ST. PHILIP AND JAMES. MAY 1.

WHO *bears* may *doubt*—who *disbelieves* is—*blind* :
Who *wants* will *ask*, and he who *seeks* shall *find*.

“ *Shew us the FATHER—and it shall suffice,*”
Said *human Wisdom* with its *carnal Eyes*.
But *Love* consents, and e’er the *Question* done :
“ *Behold!* in *ME* the *FATHER* in his *SON!*”

Behold *we* too! and in his *Person* see
Heav’n’s vast *Design*, and deepest *Mystery!*
To save from *Ruin* and its foul *Abyfs* ,
New-mould *Creation* and complete its *Bliss*.
To teach a *World* that new-untrodden *Path* :
That works *Obedience* as it saves by *Faith!*

8. ON ST. BARNABAS. JUNE 11.

MYSTERIOUS *Name!* to *Ignorance* unknown!
True *Comfort’s* Preacher and its favourite *Son*.
From thy pure *Lips* a sovereign *Balm* distill’d,
That bound the *Broken* and the *Wounded* heal’d.

Meet for his *Work*, and honour’d of his *LORD* :
Who gave the *Mission*—*testified* the *Word*.
His *Record* bare, and he that bare it—*true* :
“ *Behold!* I reign, and all create anew!
“ O’er all renew’d, I hold *unrivall’d* *Sway* :
“ *Enthron’d* a *GOD*, thro’ one eternal *Day!*”

9. ON JOHN BAPTIST. 24.

SUCH *his* *Reward!* whose *Zeal* had borne its *Test*,
Against the *Monarch* on his *Harlot’s* *Breast*.
Firm to his *Cost*, he warn’d the *incestuous* *Prince* :
Nor left his *Crimes* a *Refuge* or *Pretence*.

Anointed *Herald* of his LORD he came:
His GOD *Elijah's*, and his Work the same.
The first *translated*, and the last remov'd
By *Death* to banquet with the GOD they lov'd!^a

^a He was beheaded by Herod Antipas, who with Herodius, for whose Sake he did it, soon after died both of them, most miserable, in their Journey to Rome.

10. ON ST. PETER. 29.

O H! *what* is Man, for *self*-Presumption left!
By *Foes* surrounded and of Strength bereft.
'Tis not for Words; 'tis not for Thought to tell
The *Heart's* Deception or the *Depths* of Hell!
This only known that he who *boasts* secure,
Has yet to learn, 'tis but his *Danger's* sure.

Yet fall'n he *stands*! whose Faith no more could fail,
While *Love* could pity or it's *Prayer* prevail.
Whose piercing Eye sent forth that sacred *Dart*,
That heal'd his Anguish as it broke his Heart!
Rebuilt his Ruin on that *surer* Base:
"Ye're kept by *Faith* as purified by *Grace*!"

11. ON ST. JAMES. JULY 25.

H AIL bright *Example* of thy brighter LORD!
Who left a *Throne*, and by his *potent* Word
Thy Heart inclin'd at his Command to leave
All that thy Life of Poverty could give!
Fisher of Men, whom Wisdom taught to cast
That glorious *Net* that binds it's Captures fast!

May all who read *his* Narrative or *thine*,
As free consent, as free their all resign.
With equal Ardor for his Glory move
Thro' Earth's Attractions to the Prize *above*!^a

^a The Brother of St. John - see his Martyrdom by Herod Agrippa, with his Reason for doing it. Acts xii. 1, 2.

12. ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW. AUGUST 24.

AND art thou *he*? that *Israelite* of old:
 Who longing waited for *him* long foretold?
 Yet having doubted if ought *good* could come
 From *Nazar's* Borders or *Bethsaida's* Home?

Seeing—thy Faith exclaim'd it's fond Attest,
 And all the GODHEAD in the *Man* confest.
 Thy Faith be *ours*, and ours that *Hope* divine,
 That hail'd him "RABBI!" and assur'd him—*thine*!

13. ON ST. MATTHEW. SEPTEMBER 21.

HOW strong the Force! how vast the Grace to move
 A *Usurer's* Heart from *Mammon's* *usurious* Love!^a
 But *such* the Effect—where sov'reign *Grace* appears,
 To work at once the Miracle of *Years*!

So works *he* still, whose Arm *potential* bar'd,
 Can strike the *Senseless* or melt down the *Hard*!
 Who all Things can—can e'en *our* Wills compel
 To quit the *Desart* or embrace it's *Cell*.

"Leave all," he cries, "and follow *me*, my *Son*:
 "Leave all for me, and find me all in *one*!"

^a He was a Renter of the Roman Taxes, and what Sort of Men these were, may be known by what in France are called Farmer-generals.

14. ON ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. 29.

ARE *these* the *Servants* of the ETERNAL GOD!
 That serve his Pleasure or await his Nod?
 Attendant Spirits that observe his Eye,
 And silent pause, or at his Beck'ning fly?

Then

Then not to *these*, but to their LORD we bend:
 Alike of *Man*—the *Father* and the *Friend*.
 Alike to whom the Prayer preceptive giv'n:
 "To do on *Earth* as done by those in *Heav'n*!"

15. ON ST. LUKE. OCTOBER 18.]

BELOV'D *Physician* of his tenderest LORD!
 Whose *Art* was healing, if severe his Word.
 But can the *Whole* the *Sick's* Conceptions frame,
 Or wail a *Want* who never felt it's *Flame*?

It cannot be; 'tis all mysterious still:
 That *Death* should *quicken* or that *Wounds* should *HEAL*!
 Yet both are *true*—nor can the *Dying* *live*:
 Till wounds shall heal, and *killing* *Death* *revive*!

16. ON ST. SIMON AND JUDE. 28.

UPON this *Rock*, not *theirs*, but on his own,
 That *sure* Foundation and it's *Corner-stone*:
 His Church he builds, who bought her from of old,
 With more than *Rubies* or *Arabian-Gold*.

Himself supreme!—his Grace the Hand that rears
 Her drooping Head, and on his Bosom bears.
 Till o'er her Foes her burnish'd Dome shall rise:
 Transcend the Clouds and *Summit* in the Skies!

17. ON ALL SAINTS. NOVEMBER 1.^a

HAIL countless Number of the ELECT in one!
 From *Sinners* made, and fav'd by *Grace* alone,
 No Wisdom *theirs*—no Virtue—no Desert:
 Children of Wrath and reprobate of Heart.^b

Till special Grace with special Pow'rs endued:
 Forgave their Vileness and their Heart renew'd.

Such Grace was *his* to whom all Gifts belong:
 The *Saint's* Salvation! and the *Sinner's* Song!

^a The Day of the great Earthquake at Lisbon in the Year 1755.

^b Ephes. ii. 1, 3, &c.

* *Thou! thou art HE! who hast Redemption giv'n:
Their Pride on Earth, and all their Praise in Heav'n.*

18. ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.*

ON high enroll'd, nor yet on Earth forgot,
The *Bigot's* Treason or the *Murderer's* Plot!
When fir'd from *Hell*—her Sons *fulphureous* came:
Blazing with Zeal, as burning with it's Flame.
Sworn to destroy—the *PAPAL* Pile was rear'd,
The *Signal* pointed and the Blast prepar'd!

When lo! *his* Eye that mark'd their *black* Design:
Unveil'd the Treachery and unmask'd it's Mine.
For *Britain's* Hope once more outstretch'd his Arm:
Stoop'd from his Throne and gave the kind Alarm.
That thus redeem'd she might her Offspring tell,
“How near allied the Gates of *Rome* and *Hell*!”

* In the Year 1605. the Reign of James I.

19. ON THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY.

BY WHOM Kings reign ² Princes RIGHT decree;
Who knows their Path and stamps it's Destiny:
May HE be blest whom Heav'n benign has rais'd
To Britain's THRONE, and with it's Splendors grac'd.
HEAV'N make his Heart a COPY of it's own:
Worthy a King—and worthy of his THRONE.
His Mind with Light, his Strength with Truth inspire:
The PEOPLE'S Good his Joy and his Desire.
From TORIED Priests—from PAPAL Tories freed:
The *Traitor's* System and the TYRANT'S Creed.
Alike from *Rebels'* as from KNAVES secure:
His Crown establish'd and his Kingdom sure.

LONG may he reign, and long the ELECTOR'D Race:
Adorn their STATION and then *sleep* in Peace!

20. ON ST. ANDREW. 30.

SUCH Power is THINE! that in a Moment can
Convert the *Sinner* or constrain the *Man*,
Can *stern* or *mild* with equal Ease incline
The stubborn *Will* or fouler Heart refine.

O might

O might the same on *ours* as *patent* act:
 Our Hardness soften, and as soft attract.
 Then should *our* Feet in swift Obedience move,
 Till caught from Earth we swifter soar'd *Above* !

21. ON ST. THOMAS. DECEMBER 21.

ARE not *they* blest, who seeing can receive,
 Tho' blessed more, who seeing *not*—believe?
 Whose humble *Faith* admits the inspir'd Word,
 Hangs on it's *Truth* and girds the *Spirit's* Sword.
 In patient Hope who tries the dreadful Fight,
 And arm'd compels it's Alien Hosts to Flight.

He, who unseen, has weigh'd the *unequal* War,
 Shall soon appear, and hail him—*Conqueror* !
 Not *Faith* but SIGHT shall then his GODHEAD prove,
 Who *shields* the Victor and then *crowns* his Love!

22. ON CHRISTMAS DAY. 25.

ALL hail the DAY ! Hail all the expected MORN !
 When *Judah's* Hope and *Israel's* Strength was born!

Hail *Midnight* Hour that flam'd *Meridian* bright,
 Whose Stars struck *Splendor* and it's Darknefs—LIGHT!
 Hail *glorious* Morn, when new reveal'd to Man,
 His Name was honour'd, and his Peace began!
 When bow'd the Heav'ns—on Earth it's GOD appear'd,
 And in the Flesh the Eternal STANDARD rear'd!

But how *immense* or how *profound* the grace,
 Is not for *Man* or *Seraphim* to trace.
 A God incarnate^a—must incarnate lie:
 Wrapt in *Himself*, his own vast *Mystery* !

Sufficient this—that HE who form'd the ^b Skies:
 Descends a Sign—that *Scorners* might *despise* !

^a 1. Tim. iii. 16. ^b John i. 3.

Let *Faith* adore! while Reason hides her Shame,
And Angels shout the GODHEAD's infant Name!

JESUS the Friend—the SAVIOUR from of old:
By Prophets witness'd and by Saints foretold!
Now treads on Earth—a *Sight* to World's unknown:
One with their GOD and *Equal* of his Throne!

23. ON ST. STEPHEN. 26.

HAIL mystic *Power*! mysterious *Virtue* hail!
Whose matchless *Love* outvies it's matchless *Zeal*,
That 'midst the Pains it's *finer* Sense endur'd:
Could ask to find it's *Murderers'* Peace secur'd!
“Forgive them LORD!” the slaughtering Martyr cried:
“Forgive their *Sin*”—and as He ask'd it—*died*!

What but that Mind in HIM before express'd,
Could thus *inflame*, or thus imprint HIS Breast!
Oh, that to us HE would it's like impart,
Stamp of HIS Soul and *Image* of his Heart.

24. ON ST. JOHN, 27.

HOW call'd! how chose! how favour'd! how belov'd!
How blest! how kept! how tried! and how approv'd!
But need our Envy at *his* Lot repine?
Who made it *His*—could easy make it—*Mine*!

But ah! what Grace! what Confidence requir'd!
How strong supported, and how deep inspir'd.
To bear *his* Length of long protracted ^a Years,
'Midst thousand Sorrows and ten thousand Fears!

Yet clos'd at last—His Race for ever done:
Ascribes the Glory where it sees the *Throne*!

^a St. John is reported to have lived 120 Years; Forty of which he spent in a State of Exile and Hardship in the Isle of PATMOS.

25. ON THE INNOCENTS, 28.

HARMLESS tho' fallen—unspotted tho' defil'd :
In *Action* guiltless—nor by Sin beguil'd.

Lamb like ye paid the *Tribute* of your Blood ;
So *due* to Justice, but so *dear* to God !

Martyrs for *Him*—who shortly spilt his *own* :
For *you*—for *me*—for *Herods* to atone !

Hail precious *Babes* ! how kind that *awful* Grace,
That crown'd its Victims as it clos'd their Race !

May all who hear his righteous Will adore ;
Copy your Lives and live to die no more.

26. ON GOOD - FRIDAY.

DIES HE that *lives* !—does then the IMMORTAL die !
Can *Reason* hear, nor ask the Reason *why* ?
Does HE expire like frail *Mortality* ;
Whose Breath is LIFE—his Days ETERNITY !

He does—but why ?—Look *Infidel* within ;
Offended *Justice* and uncancell'd *Sin*.
Each now no more—the debt eternal paid :
And full Redemption—full Attonement made.
“ FATHER, forgive ”—*Forgive*—the SPIRIT cries :
'Twas *Man* that sinn'd ; but 'tis thy SON that *dies* !

27. ON EASTER - DAY.

ALL hail the Day, that hails the SAVIOUR'S Rise !
Who bursts the Tomb to re-ascend the Skies.
Vanquish'd by *whom* the Powers of Darkness flee :
Death yields his *Sting*, the Grave her Victory !

Haste

Haste then who hear, and hearing it believe;
 With HIM entomb'd—with HIM, arise and live!
 That henceforth dead, ye may thro' Life ascend!
 Where Triumphs last and *Sabbaths* never end!

28. ON WHITSUNDAY.

WHO late arose the Living for the Dead;
 Now pours in Streams the *Spirit* of their *Head*.
 Sent from on high the anointed *Unction* came;
 While *cloven* Tongues attest the visual flame.
 "I will pour out my Spirit from on high,"
 Saith HE whose Strength can neither fail nor lie.

Nor yet extinct, tho' undiscern'd by Men;
 Where'er his Nature and his Mind are seen:
 Where'er his *Word* conveys the *living* Pow'r:
There is the Flame, and *there* the anointing Shower.

9. ON THE FALLEN ANGELS.

WONDER! forbear—nor curious seek to pry
 How *Forms* create so *bely* and so *high*:
 Could *these* offend—and in THAT Presence dare
 Announce their Treason and it's *Rights* aver!

Enough they *fell*—and fell, thro' *Pride*, deplore,
 What lost by *them*, is lost to find no more.

Thy Marvel *this*—that Man *rebell'd* the same;
 Should *that* obtain, so dread denied to *them*!

Who took his *Nature*—HE his *Curse* ^a endur'd,
 From Ruin rescu'd and his Peace procur'd.

But *why* such Grace—or *why* such Favour giv'n?
 Is best referr'd as best *resolv'd* in HEAV'N.

^a Gal. iii. 13.

30. ON FAITH AND HOPE.

CELESTIAL Twins! alike from Heav'n bestow'd:
 Their *Fountain's* Mirror, and the Arm of God!
 Each for it's End, by *Wisdom's* Plan design'd;
 To save from *Guilt* or purge the unhallow'd Mind.
 Yet *latent* both—till *Love*—divine Effect!
 Infuse her Ardors and inspire the *AE*.

31. ON CHARITY, OR UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE,
as the Fruit and Evidence of the two former.

HAIL glorious Grace! best Gift of God to Man!
 Heav'n highest Praise! and all that Creatures can.
Mercy divine! in *Love's* divinest Form:
 Fervid as Flame, but yielding as a Worm!
 To *all* unbound—to Sects and Parties blind;
 It's Heart a *Sun*—it's Object all Mankind.
 Enough for *her*; whose piercing Eye can trace
 Merit in *Rags* and Worth in it's Disgrace!

Go then proud Boaster of *superior* Light:
 Whose Love is *Envy* and it's Splendors—*Night*.
 Go view that SCROWL^a, and in it's Emblem see
 Sad pining Want and naked Penury:
 From both by that SAMARITAN retriev'd,
 His Body cover'd and his Pains reliev'd.

Ask not his Nation, Pedigree or Name:
 But go thou JEW, and do *thy* Zeal the SAME!

^a The proper Arms of the Town and Port of DOVER, is a MAN on HORSEBACK giving his CLOAK to a BEGGAR on Foot, a fine Emblem of THAT Charity that never faileth; and as the ARMS are an Honour to the Place, it is not to be questioned, but, that the Inhabitants will be an Honour to their ARMS.

32. ON THE VELOCITY OF TIME.

AGES and Years, with Months and Moments fly,
 The minor Offspring of ETERNITY!
 Of awful Import, tho' of trivial Name:
 Their Nature, End and Origin the same.

Heav'n's grand Bequest our Safety to secure,
 And make it's Warfare with it's Victory sure.

Recorded ALL! a vast unnumber'd Store,
 Whose FATE is fix'd, and TIME revolves no more!

33. THE CONCLUSION.

HERE then I close, as when I first begun:
 One Word of *Counsel* and *this* Task is done.

The OLD is past, the NEW is just arriv'd:
 How favour'd THEY! who have the *first* surviv'd.
 But happier still, who wise, the *next* improve:
 E'er Death supplant and every STAFF remove.

Then not presume—e'er yet the *future* past,
 As YOU may hear and I may SING my last.
 There's nothing certain but *Uncertainty*:
 Save—TIME is short—and long—ETERNITY!

The ingenious Author of "FUGITIVE PIECES." Printed for Doddsley 1761. and who loves to deal in "Historic Doubts,"—or in other Words to Kick up an historic DUST—intimates to his Readers in his History of WHITFIELD, 2 Vol. P. 71. as how somebody had intimated to him, that the Man on Horseback was a HIGHWAYMAN robbing the Man on Foot: however, when we are informed, that the CAVALIER who was mounted on the Palfry, was no other than the famous St. MARTIN, to whom that Church (under the Hill) now called after his Name, near the City of CANTERBURY, was dedicated—we need make no Doubt of the CASE, whatever we may do of the HISTORY:

*Whit-
field.*

THE END.

